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A FUNERAL POEM

UPON THE

Much Lamented Death

OF

Lieutenant-General *WOOD*,

Who Departed this LIFE at his Houſe at *Kenſington* the 17th of *May*, 1712.

Humbly Addreſs'd to Her MAJESTY.

Written by a Female. *A. H.*

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TO HER
Moſt Sacred Majeſty.

May it pleaſe Your Majeſty,

WITH *the humbleſt Submiſſion I beg Leave to throw this Poem at your Royal Feet; the Melancholy Subject ſpeaks itſelf, and cann't paſs unregarded by any Pen; ſo great a Loſs inſpires every Muſe, and places me in the Number of the Juſt Mourners for the Death of that Brave General, whoſe Name will live till Time ſhall be no more, and Actions ſhine without a Borrowed Luſtre: He was juſtly Good, and truly Lov'd; his Conduct, Courage, Loyalty, and Virtues, made him only fit to Serve* ſo Great a QUEEN: *Heaven increaſe your Majeſty's Glory,*

and

Princeſs, are the glittering Star that animates the Brave; like the Sun You glad the Eyes; and cheer the Hearts of all your People. Would Heaven grant Your Majeſty a Proſperous Reign, Long and Happy Life, Peace and Tranquility dwell round Your Soul: May Your Throne be Stedfaſt, your Sacred Mind moſt Calm, Angels attend the Beſt of QUEENS, *and give you an Everlaſting Crown hereafter.*

A FUNERAL

POEM

Upon the much Lamented Death of

Lieutenant-General *WOOD*.

WHAT Noiſe is this? Sure 'tis *Wood*'s Diſmal Knell,
It rings aloud, Eternally Farewel!
From the dark Vault I hear a hollow Groan,
That cries, put Sable on, let all Things Mourn:
The dreadful Tale thro' every Ear is rung,
And tells us, Mighty *Wood*'s laſt Hour is come.
Mourn! Mourn! Ye Brave, ye Gallant Soldiers Mourn,
The Beauty of your Camp by Death's ſtrong Arm is torn.
Turn all your Red to deepeſt Mourning now,
And let your Lawrels wither on your Brow.
Since all his Glories in the Duſt muſt lye,
And, like *Plebeans*, does your General Dye.
Death, by this great Example, lets us ſee,
No pitch of Honour from the Grave is free.
The gaudy Pomp of Monarchy, and Kings,
Muſt moulter in the Earth like common Things.

Nature's

Nature's great Maſter-piece of Work is fled,
His bright Soul's in Glorious Triumph led;
The lov'd Court above in Crouds do meet,
With Hallelujahs his Arrival greet.
In brighteſt Beams does our New Saint ariſe,
And with freſh Glories Heaven itſelf Surpriſe.
There the kind Angels does Conduct him on,
Thro' Regions of the Bleſt to his bright Throne.
Ah! Wondrous Good, too ſoon thou'rt gone,
And a dark Cloud o'erſhades our Glorious Sun;
And makes us wiſh our Race of Life were run.
All Mens Hours ſeem nauſeous now, and cloy'd,
Empty at beſt, as if by Dreams enjoy'd.
Inſtruct, ye Muſes, my unskill'd Pen inſpire,
Teach me to Paint what we ſo much admire;
He flatter'd none for Greatneſs, Love, or Hire.
Oh! Matchleſs Man! Thou art moſt rare to ſee,
Such wond'rous Worth, and wond'rous Modeſty;
He was above the poor reverſe of Fate,
And ſcorn'd her Favours, and not fear'd her Hate.
So Good, ſo Juſt, all Merciful and True,
Not one falſe Step, or Error, he e'er knew;
His Virtues are too many to be told,
None but who gave 'em, can his Worth unfold.
His Gallant Actions that did here appear,
Shall be recorded like a Blazing Star.
In him the Two Extreams was nobly join'd,
Sure the moſt Lofty, and moſt loweſt Mind;
His Wit, his Eloquence, had both conſpir'd
To make himſelf by us and them admir'd.
No Injuries could his ſettled Mind provoke,
But ſtill his humble Softneſs damp'd the Stroke.

His Kindneſs by Acceptance might be bought,
His Mighty Soul for no Return e'er ſought:
With a true Courage for his Countries Good,
Waded thro' Fire and Smoke to Seas of Blood.
Like a Fierce Lion ſeiz'd upon his Prey,
And ne'er come off till he had gain'd the Day.
In *Britain*'s Cauſe no Dangers did decline,
Where his Heroick, Copious Soul might ſhine.
In Bloody Fields he the Brave Ranks did Head,
And with freſh Vigour mounted o'er the Dead.
Soldier and Saint, wherein ſuch Goods did dwell,
'Twas doubtful whether he was of the Race that fell;
In his rich Blood proud Death in Triumph ſtood,
And ſmil'd to take Poſſeſſion of ſuch Good.
His Martial Soul, that Brave Etherial Fire,
Blaz'd out at Length, and nobly did Expire.
Had Heaven but compos'd his Mortal Frame
Free from Contagion, as his Soul and Fame,
He might have liv'd to Immortality,
And never taſted what it is to Die.
Tho' Dead, like Diamonds, when envious Night
Wou'd ſhroud their Luſtre, they appear moſt Bright.
He ne'er can Die whoſe Everlaſting Name
ſhall be enroll'd in the firſt Ranks of Fame.
And me, kind Heaven, while I this Theme purſue,
Since all his Beauties were given by you,
From Age to Age thy Odours ſtill ſhall flow,
And ſweeteſt Bloſſoms from his Duſt ſhall grow.
Sure the moſt Pure, moſt Spotleſs, lyeth there,
The richeſt Treaſure that the Earth doth bear.
Adieu, rare Saint, I now may call thee ſo,
For you the Joys of the Beſt Being know.

To his lov'd Shrine we will just Tribute pay,
And moisten with our Tears the best of Clay.
Rise *Shakespear*, *Beaumont*, *Fletcher*, *Dryden* come,
And with Your softest Numbers grace his Tomb.
In tuneful Musick Dress your Artful Quill,
This mournful Subject now demands your Skill.
From every Eye let Floods of Sorrow flow,
All Nature be Partaker of our Woe.

FINIS.